NATIONAL REVIEW

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March 15, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Verdict for Freedom

FRANK HUGHES

Insubstantial Pageant

MEDFORD EVANS

The End of the Affair?

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · REVILO OLIVER

RUSSELL KIRK · ROBERT PHELPS · ANTHONY LEJEUNE

WILLMOORE KENDALL · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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For the Record

Western diplomats believe the Soviets are holding up further Sputnik launchings until agreement is reached on a date for a summit meeting. . . . Perón's followers claim that not only were they responsible for Frondizi's election, but that a study of the voting shows that Perón himself could have been elected. A prominent diplomat, with firsthand experience in Argentine politics, predicts that Perón will be permitted to return to Buenos Aires in the near future. . . . The UN Economic Commission for Europe reports substantially increased farm output in the captive Soviet nations of Eastern Europe in 1957—the result of unusually good weather, and radically liberalized policies toward the private farmer. State farms did not report the same proportionate increases.

For the first time since the Supreme Court granted a retrial to Communists convicted under the Smith Act, one of them, Junius Irving Scales, has been reconvicted and resentenced—to six years. . . . Washington newsmen are beginning to hound the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee about its annual report, scheduled for release last January. Six of the eight Senators on the Committee have signed it, but Administration forces are keeping it bottled up, raising doubts as to whether it will ever be released. It is said to contain documentary dynamite in the case of Canadian Ambassador Norman, who committed suicide in Cairo.

Roll Call, the newspaper of Capitol Hill, reports that "collusion between the candidates for the New Jersey Senatorial nomination and Pennsylvania's Gubernatorial nomination . . . [is] . . . aimed at wresting the 1960 GOP Presidential nomination for Harold Stassen." Shanley and Stassen hope to take New Jersey and Pennsylvania delegations to the GOP convention committed to Stassen for President. Shanley managed Stassen's 1952 campaign.

Optional courses in judo are being planned for teachers in training at New York University's School of Education, in the wake of delinquency outbreaks in New York City schools. . . . Asked what he felt about the sending of federal troops to Little Rock, Edgar Eisenhower, the President's brother, answered: "I'll just say [that the President] got some bad legal advice. I'd never have sent troops in unless the local authorities requested it."

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The WEEK

● So Thor will be operational in June—which happens to be the time decreed by the Soviet Union for a summit meeting. If Mr. Dulles holds firm, and he has been at his best these past few weeks, the Summiteers will have to do without U.S. representation. If they get together in the usual Swiss setting, mightn't it be an appropriate gesture, just to show that the U.S. is there in spirit, to lob a Thor onto the grass of the city park, say from a base in Madrid? Filled with candy and toys for the children of Geneva?

● In a three-thousand-word interview the other day, John Foster Dulles had the honesty—and the intelligence—to brand the Soviet request for a "pre-summit" meeting of foreign ministers as a "fraud." We have been pinching ourselves ever since, not only because a Secretary of State has had the wit to say the obvious, but because he seems to be getting a good press for it. If this sort of thing continues NATIONAL REVIEW will gladly go out of business.

● It is too early to predict what will come of the investigation of the Kohler strike which Senator McClellan's Committee is undertaking, but already it is clear that the chairman and his chief counsel are displaying an animus against Kohler that is hardly judicial. Why? We refrain, for the time being, from comment. We merely direct attention to the fact that flashy and sensationalized anti-Kohler tidbits are being fed to the press, timed perfectly to capture the headlines, and distract attention from the solid, documented testimony that is being heard on how Mr. Reuther deals with refractory businessmen.

● 1. Justice Learned Hand is generally conceded to be the dean of American jurists, for he is very old, very learned, very revered. 2. Justice Hand's views have seldom inconvenienced the Liberal Establishment; in fact, on the all-important topic of civil liberties, he was often there with something epigrammatic and ponderous to underwrite the civil-libertine position on internal security. 3. Judge Hand is invited to Harvard to deliver the annual Oliver Wendell Holmes lectures. 4. Mystifying reports circulate as to the strange things he said in those lectures. 5. As per standing arrangement, the Harvard University Press publishes Judge Hand's lectures and lo and behold it develops that the dean of American jurists feels that most of the recent revolutionary decisions of the Supreme Court (*e.g., Brown et al, Konigsberg, Service, Slochower*) were abuses of the judicial power, making it possible 6. for you and us to say the dean of American jurists is on our side so far as the Warren Court goes, only 7. two bits his days are numbered as dean of American jurists.

● The Administration is sponsoring some hit and run attacks on Judge Robert Morris, candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator in New Jersey. Last week Mr. William F. Tompkins, who is the head of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice, swooped down on a Women's Republican Club in Parsippany to a) depreciate the threat, external and internal, posed by the Soviet Union; and b) endorse the candidacies of Judge Morris' two opponents. Morris has called on the White House to indicate whether Mr. Tompkins went to New Jersey as an official emissary. Probably the White House will be noncommittal, as is its way when busy with an unofficial knifing. The incident is significant. It demonstrates once again New Republicanism's inhospitality to seasoned anti-Communists, and the chilling lengths it will go—pressing into its service the chief of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice, no less—to effect their defeat.

● Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, Premier of the anti-Communist rebel government with headquarters in Sumatra, has announced that he would seek arms from the United States if Sukarno and the Jakarta regime tried to get them from the Soviet Union. "It is not in the interest of the United States if this area becomes Communist," he added, in language we hope Washington understands as clearly as does Premier Sjafruddin.

● In Poland, if you want to get your thoughts printed, you must go along with the local Communist Party line. Since there are very few Polish writers who agree with that line, the silence in Warsaw these days is practically deafening. One Pole, Professor Adam Schaff, thinks he sees a solution: he would mobilize the writers, assign them to their stations, and fix dates for their production. "Results," he says, "can be guaranteed." As Mao Tse-tung really meant to put it, let a hundred flowers bloom, provided they are all daisies.

● Our guess: the *New York Times,* in its role as maker and unmaker of regimes in Latin America, is about to move in on President Ydigoras of Guatemala. It "reports" from Guatemala that there is grave concern in "press and private circles" lest Ydigoras attempt to become a dictator; that Ydigoras is supported by the "extreme right-wing element of the country" or, variously, by "intolerant and conserva-

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tive elements that fanatically believe in autocratic rule"; and, finally, that his followers are engaged in a campaign of "aggression and outrage." The *Times* seldom carries such intelligence about persons it isn't about to learn to dislike on its editorial page.

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has eight weeks to live. Fifty-five weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

● Billy Mitchell is one of those people whom "History" has "proved" "right": he said, at an early moment, that the airplane was the coming thing in the military sphere, and it turned out to be just that. To many, therefore, it seems only fair that the 33-year-old court-martial finding against him should be "reversed." Nevertheless, Air Secretary Douglas acted correctly in affirming the verdict. Doing justice means, *inter alia,* taking into account all parties to a dispute—Billy Mitchell and his reputation for being "right," yes, but also the officers who sat on his court martial and their reputation for good sense and fair dealing. Billy's can be—has been—rehabilitated without blackening that of his judges, who were called upon to decide not whether he was "right" but whether he had been insubordinate.

● Professor Robert V. Daniels of Bennington College has made a sound and statesmanlike proposal as to what to do about the Federal Communications Commission. Chasing after cases of individual corruption in the awarding of licenses, he submits, will never get at the heart of the problem, which he defines as follows: The FCC's task (that of granting "the right to exclusive use of a specified portion of the air waves") is that of giving away, for no charge at all, business opportunities "that may be worth millions." Why not, then, require broadcasters to pay to the Federal Treasury *"the full value of the broadcasting rights,"* determined by "competitive bidding among all qualified competitors"?

● Called upon to make a speech at Valley Forge on Washington's Birthday, former President Herbert Hoover pulled something out of his memory and delivered, "with minor changes," an address which he had made on Memorial Day at the very same place some twenty-seven years ago. Far from seeming old-hat, Mr. Hoover's revived tribute to the ability of Americans to surmount "a passing trial" exuded a courage which one would like to believe is wholly contemporary in 1958. With memories of the totally unfair beating which Mr. Hoover took throughout the years of the Rooseveltian drought, we welcome this opportunity to congratulate our senior statesman on having been twenty-seven years ahead of his time.

● NATIONAL REVIEW congratulates:

Egypt-Syria-Yemen upon having become the first republic in history with an absolute monarch.

Dwight David Eisenhower and Richard Nixon for having adopted the main outlines of NATIONAL REVIEW's Presidential disability plan a mere eighteen months after we proposed it.

Life magazine, for having come out for abolition of the ICC a mere six weeks after trail-blazing old NATIONAL REVIEW.

Dwight David Eisenhower, upon having got through the Mack crisis without using the phrase "clean as a hound's tooth."

The United States Supreme Court—yes, the U.S. Supreme Court, but let this be understood *not* to create a precedent—for having dismissed as baseless the claim of those 23 Hollywood actors and writers that they were fired "unconstitutionally."

The End of the Affair?

When we are in love, every feature of the beloved is entrancing: not only the dark eyes and ruby lips, but that gay freckle on the tip of the nose, the mole that lends such distinction to the bared shoulder, the roundness that is so beckoning a pillow. But alas, as love cools that freckle is one day seen to be the very mark of the vulgar, the mole is suddenly a coarse blemish, the soft roundness a bulge of aging fat, and even the dark eyes and ruby lips become mere nearsightedness and lipstick.

Even thus, and more surely by far than a great business of state, did the public grimace at Columbine III's little jaunt to Phoenix give witness to the dwindling of the love affair between the American people and Dwight Eisenhower. What a homey, happy episode it would have been two years ago, rather like the big family Thanksgiving at the White House, or the prayer that Mamie and Ike said together on TV and movie! Mamie—wife, mother and grandmother as well as the nation's hostess, needing a quiet rest in the southwestern desert; Ike—devoted husband, father and grandfather as well as Caeser, graciously giving his own world-sought time to take her comfortably to her resting place; the reporters joking with Jim Hagerty, hiring a plane of their own to tag merrily along, and tumbling happily out into the Arizona sunshine . . .

But all has somehow soured. There are no jokes from the reporters now. "Will Mrs. Eisenhower's friends be billed for their share of the cost of Columbine III's trip?" And Hagerty snarling back.

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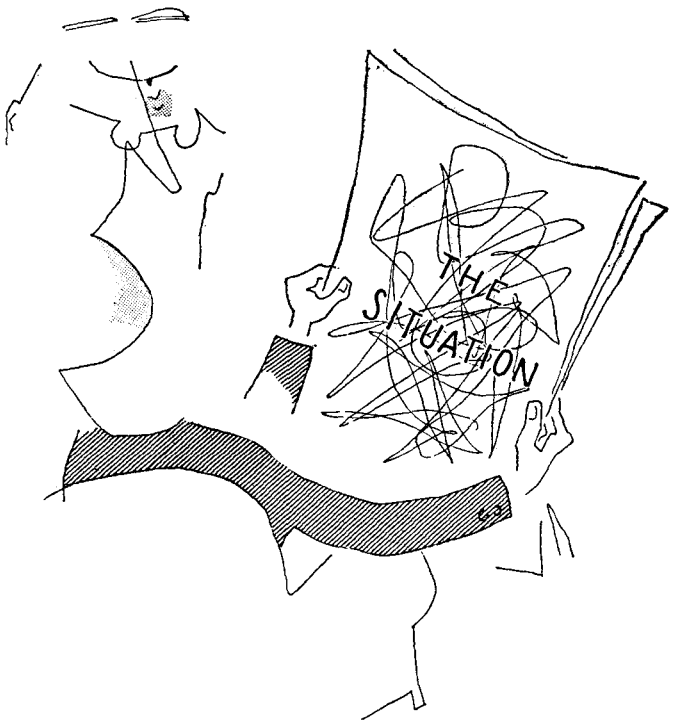
Sniffing the wind's new quarter, *Time*—slick and knowing pander—had begun its issue that appeared just prior to the Phoenix detour with a first creeping disavowal: "Conspicuously absent was a badly needed feeling of presence—specifically, the presence of the President of the U.S. at his desk. . . . Ike by the fireplace on a winterbound Georgia plantation was a remote figure in a demanding and uneasy time."

The Alsop column, finding an omen even in that "nasty" Georgia weather, cawed: "Has the President's luck run out? . . . The Eisenhower aura was the X factor . . . And now it has begun to fade so rapidly that it is hardly there any more. [There is a real and present danger that] a lame-duck President, his aura lost, his authority disregarded, his leadership challenged, will serve out his time in isolation and frustration."

On the day after Phoenix, James Reston—as head of the *New York Times*' Washington Bureau the *doyen* of political correspondents—commented coldly on how President Eisenhower is learning "to his surprise and sorrow that his personal conduct is much more subject to criticism. . . . He is responding . . . wilfully and stubbornly." The magic fades; lover and beloved, losing their mutual rapport, can no longer sense each other's moods.

NATIONAL REVIEW has chronicled the peak and the now quickening decline in this affair between Eisenhower and the citizenry—for it was not a true marriage, for better or worse, but an unreasoned affair of the emotions only, dependent on fair weather and good fortune, unable to withstand the bitter winds that late or soon do blow. Last autumn we recorded our observation that the twilight of the Eisenhower era had set in, and consistently before that we had analyzed the gaping defects that render the Eisenhower policies powerless to meet the slings and arrows of the contemporary crisis of an earth so very unlike the tranquil worlds Dwight Eisenhowers are born to live in.

We have opposed many of the Eisenhower policies, and we oppose still more basically the see-no-evil, issue-shelving, Boy-Scout Eisenhower of the political process, in a world raging, like our mid-twentieth-century world, with war and revolution and collective insanities. But we can gain no satisfaction from the widening confirmation of our findings. We can hardly rejoice when we note who begin to make hay while the Eisenhower sun is declining; and it is in any case both sad and dangerous when a breach opens between a nation's people and its first officer. There must be rulers; and for a people to be ruled well, it must have—not an irrational blind trust—but a decent, responsible faith in its rulers. This it most especially must have in the face of great threats from within or without. It is perhaps the root source of the Eisenhower weakness, and of his present steep fall from popular grace, that he has never really understood and therefore never really faced these threats.



Kreuttner

"It's high time they stopped referring to the 'men around the President' and placed the blame where it actually belongs — on the men around the men around the President!"

In the Kremlin's Service

On February 25 the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* published, in conspicuous format, a letter addressed to its managing editor, Mr. Alfred Friendly, by "Miss Lê-My," who describes herself as "a little Vietnamese girl." Miss Lê-My, with a coy little verbal curtsy, raises "some questions I would like to know about your country." The *Post* judged that these "reflected so well the 'doubts towards our country,' which millions of people throughout the world may share, that the letter deserved wider circulation." Mr. Friendly answered the little Vietnamese girl promptly. The *Post* promised to forward to her any further replies that its readers might wish to make, and to print these also in its own columns.

A babe in arms, of average IQ, should have no difficulty in identifying little "Miss Lê-My" as a transparent cover for a banal Communist operation. Her letter, with its eleven pseudo-questions, is a stew of stereotyped Communist propaganda themes and phraseology. "Is it right that the policy of the

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American Government is to assimilate all the countries living under its help? Will Americans stay in Vietnam for a hundred year [*sic*]? Do American people know that Ngo-Dinh-Diem [the national hero of Vietnam's independence and of successful resistance to Ho Chi-Minh's Communist armies] is an American puppet? The trouble at Little Rock . . . do you think that was a big shame hung over America? What do Americans think about the Russian man-made moon and 150 [*sic*] atomic submarines? Do you agree with me that Americans do not have a man-made moon because American spies could not work in Russia? . . ."

The day may come when Mr. Friendly wakes up to what he has done, as it finally came in the affair of Paul Hughes, who made such pliable use of Mr. Friendly and the *Post* for a year or so. And if it does, will it occur to Mr. Friendly and his associates to ask themselves why it is so often they and their newspaper that the MVD selects for an operation of this kind? Why for so many purposes the Communists can number the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* as a gushing outlet for their propaganda campaigns?

The Wisdom of the Atoms

There are few persons in public life who make more consistent sense than Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb"; and fewer still who make sense with the forthright, manly directness that Dr. Teller displayed March 2 on the TV program, *Meet the Press*. His candor, his natural assumption of authority in his own special field, no less than his honest modesty about "the political sides [where] I am no expert," his calm and resolute estimate of both hopes and dangers—all these, after the standard bilge, were a bath to the spirit.

And how much, even through the murky medium of TV, we could learn from him in those few minutes:

1. "In all reasonable probability there is no foolproof system" for policing a ban on Soviet nuclear tests.

2. The only way to have a genuine inspection system would be to open up Russia and thereby break down "a very considerable portion of the Russian totalitarian system."

3. Test explosions are as necessary for the peaceful as for the warlike development of nuclear energy, and will undoubtedly continue for centuries, like tests on steam power and electricity.

4. "If you eliminate nuclear explosions then you make anti-missile defense an insoluble problem."

5. "Disarmament is a lost cause." You cannot "eliminate the possibility of war . . . by removing the means."

6. "For many years to come in my opinion we will have to rely on . . . peace by force."

7. "I don't believe in anything being the ultimate weapon."

8. The United States already has nuclear explosives with negligible fallout, and will soon have them—for peaceful as well as warlike purposes—with "radioactivity reduced to a level where . . . you can essentially forget about it."

9. "I cannot [explain] in simple words . . . why many excellent people should have been so greatly alarmed about [fallout]." The dangers from "a new chemical additive to your food [or] a new type of gasoline which slightly changes the constitution of the smog over our cities . . . are both less known and potentially much greater than the danger [from fallout]."

10. "Atomic energy is the solution for making an ample life possible I believe for the whole world."

11. "By 1970 [the Russians] will be way ahead of us, and . . . can defeat our way of life without making war on us, unless we change our ways of behavior, unless we particularly change our educational system and our intellectual endeavors very thoroughly."

And, in concluding answer to an interlocutor's question, "What should we do?" Dr. Teller summed up:

12. *"Hurry!"*

Attention, All Candidates!

In formulating his campaign platform, Mr. Lou Cusanovich, candidate for the California State Assembly, looked long and hard at a confidential public opinion survey made for the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee.

The survey was conducted in Mr. Cusanovich's highly industrialized home district, where 50 per cent of the registered voters are Democrats, 46.1 per cent Republicans. Of those polled, 60.5 per cent had incomes of under $6,000 a year; 81 per cent were under fifty years old.

Asked whom they would vote for in the forthcoming election, 64 per cent announced themselves as undecided, 30 per cent were evenly divided between Mr. Cusanovich and his leading Democratic opponent, Mr. Paul Roest (the rest were divided among three minor candidates). When asked whether they would vote for a right-to-work law, 52.7 per cent said that they would, 16.5 per cent that they would not, and 30.8 per cent did not know.

The platform on which Mr. Cusanovich ran differed from that of Mr. Roest in one plank alone: Mr. Cusanovich endorsed right-to-work legislation and Mr. Roest supported the closed shop. We congratulate Mr. Cusanovich on his election!

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Don't Give It a Second Thought

There is an interesting sequel to the story of the Pasadena School Board told in the March 1 issue by Morrie Ryskind. By a vote of 4 to 1, the Board (four of whose members had profited by the allegedly illegal electioneering) requested the California Teachers Association (to which the teachers and administrators charged with the illegality belong) to look into the matter and issue a fact-finding report.

That report has just now been issued. It is a handsome whitewash, 31 pages long, and calls to mind the confidence Hoffa-controlled delegates voted in Jimmy's ethics. The Report admits that some trivial incidents of an offensive nature occurred: *e.g.*, the teacher who put her class to addressing campaign cards; *e.g.*, the teacher who, in class, distributed cards and urged the election of the Liberal candidates; *e.g.*, the teacher whose cards were "accidently" distributed to the pupils; *e.g.*, the teacher who permitted one boy to address cards over the week end at home for service points which would help him qualify for a student service club; and some other things hardly worth mentioning—and hardly mentioned. The teachers and administrators involved, the fact-finders say, can be criticized for carelessness and poor judgment, but the ruckus comes down to a teapot tempest.

The report ends on a high, moral get-it-under-the-rug note:

> The Commission can envision nothing but harm to education resulting from continued attention to what happened nearly a year ago. With a reasonable policy now in force, it is sincerely hoped that the community, the Board and members of the profession can look forward to increased understanding and harmony replacing past frictions. The children and youth of Pasadena can benefit only from such a forward-looking resolution of this issue.

Further reference to what happened a year ago is reactionary.

You Asked for It

(*The following are excerpts from an editorial in the* American Journal of Psychiatry, *the official organ of the American Psychiatric Association, discussing, or rather psychoanalyzing, the Supreme Court's Yates* [*Smith Act*] *decision.*)

The Psychological Prerequisite to Crime: "In elementary courses in psychiatry we learned . . . how an idea may spring into action. We learned also that the response might not be immediate; it might be long delayed, germinating in the mind as an idea—an image of an act—until eventually it ended as the act itself . . . Later on, when we gained some acquaintance with criminology, we learned about *mens rea.* This *mens rea* was just the old germinal idea only this time it was a wrongful or criminal one . . . It seems to follow that [when] *mens rea.* . . . is specifically implanted in the mind by indoctrination . . . its threat becomes ominous."

The Court's Interpretation of the Smith Act: "The Supreme Court did not repudiate the Smith Act but in interpreting it performed an extraordinary feat of psychological acrobatics. This feat consisted of a gossamer-fine distinction between 'advocacy of abstract doctrine' and 'advocacy directed at promoting unlawful action.' . . . And so we come back to our original question—that of the relationship of the idea (whether qualified as 'abstract' or not) to the act. . . . Who is capable of drawing the fine distinction between the state of mind of one who teaches the commission of a crime as a mere 'abstract principle' . . . and the state of mind of one who . . . instigates its commission?"

The Conclusion of the Editor of the American Journal of Psychiatry: "The argument is indeed (in the words of the Justices' ruling) 'subtle and difficult to grasp.'"

Notes and Asides

Every now and then—believe it or not—NATIONAL REVIEW is accused of not being Constructive. Now you and we know that NATIONAL REVIEW is more constructive than the Federal Housing Administration. But just for the record, let us set down, in the barest terms, one or two of the specific issues on which NATIONAL REVIEW has, in the past months, urged specific action. We have recommended that Congress a) enact the proposals of the Hoover Commission; b) eliminate the farm support program and support displaced farmers until they are integrated in new jobs; c) apply anti-monopoly legislation to labor unions; d) investigate the Supreme Court with a view to delimiting its jurisdiction as authorized under the Constitution; e) repeal the conscription act and raise an armed service of professional soldiers composed of volunteers; f) petition the President to sever diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and the satellite states; g) eliminate progressive income taxation; and h) submit a constitutional amendment affirming the right, under the Tenth Amendment, of the individual states to run their own school systems. We can—and often have—particularized far beyond the above, and shall be glad to do so again in the future. This is just to remind some of our friends that we have a great deal constructively in mind.

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The PRINTED Word

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Fair and Reasonable

The "truth" about Communism in Red China and its impact upon the Chinese mind and soul, as detailed by recent visitor Walton A. Cole, a Reuters editor, and published *in extenso*—better than a column a day for four days—by the savagely anti-Communist *New York Times* (italics mine throughout):

—Red China is, to be sure, a land of "discipline" and "drabness," but also one of "dedication," of "intensity and industriousness from nursery school to factory"; it is, besides, a fantastically populous land, that one might think difficult to govern from a single center—which, however, would be to overlook the machinery of government the Reds have created: "a structure of committees that *seek to represent the viewpoint of every sectional interest* engaged in the national effort, including *former capitalists* and *those who used to belong to* [*Chiang Kai-shek's party*]" (if any of these have been killed off, Cole doesn't mention it); through these committees, public attitudes are "piped back to the policy makers" (and, we infer, promptly acted upon, as in other representative governments); the big thing in Red China is "political *education*" ("The child in the kindergarten learns to love country and Communist party, and Chairman Mao Tse-tung," and "adults . . . learn every change in the party's line and *'wash' their own brains* so that they may have 'correct thoughts' "); free time for the individual is "virtually unheard of."

—If all that sounds a little on the strident side to you, that is because you haven't visited Red China: "unless hundreds of people I saw . . . were giving performances of Oscar-award caliber, the workers are content and happy in this communal life"; some observers, to be sure, say that there are "rumbles of discontent," especially when city workers are pressed to volunteer for work on farms; actually, however, "I attended a land volunteer recruitment meeting . . . [where] teen-agers . . . stepped forward . . . with *an evangelical fervor and with no sign of coercion.*"

—The Chinese Reds, make no mistake, have got it made: the Mao dynasty, like the Ming, is now "solidly based," and "unlikely to be disturbed by subterranean tremors."

—Outside as within China, the Reds would not dream of gaining their ends by force: "A high official told me: 'China believes in coexistence . . . equality, and mutual cooperation. . . . The United States denies all these points . . . We do not wish to impose our system of government on other people, . . . unless it is the will of the people themselves. . . ."

—Red China's regime inspires great "fervor": the "political chiefs," for example, ignore the official six-eight-hour-day week: they "do not spare themselves, and so set an example to all"; and while their controlled press and radio skimp on "day-to-day occurrences in the outside world," they maintain for themselves "intelligently compiled news digests" that make them "among the best informed individuals on current affairs that I have met"—though Cole goes on to say they believe the U.S. is "trying to encircle the Communist countries," and that the U.S. stimulates "war fears so that its armament industries will buoy up its economy."

—The Red Chinese have, *inter alia*, our interests at heart: their leaders assured Cole that "Properly thought out economic cooperation . . . could substantially stabilize the economies of the capitalist countries [as well as] advance reconstruction and development in the Socialist countries."

—Red China's workers are efficient: even if it *is* going to take them fourteen more years to catch up with the output of Britain (one-sixteenth as populous), the fact remains that a Scottish sea captain told Cole that "never in thirty years experience of all the ports in the world had he had a 7,000-ton general cargo unloaded so quickly as that week in China."

—Labor conditions, it seems, are much like those in Detroit: "In any plant or factory there is only one trade union"; besides which, as Mr. Walter Reuther will be pleased to learn, "There is a democratic system in all factories enabling workers' councils to discuss plans of the enterprise together with the executives . . ."

—The human beings in Red China (like, according to the *Times'* Jorden, the human beings in the USSR) are—well, human: they "have the same basic aspirations and problems as one's neighbors"; and, by comparison with their forebears (presumably those who died natural deaths as well as those whom the Reds liquidated), comfy: "All said that . . . housing had never been so good."

—Red China's capitalists are a "dying class" ("dying" because though they still draw "dividends from their businesses, this is only a temporary arrangement"), but they don't seem to mind; take David Kwok, for instance, whom Cole interviewed in "his luxurious home set in magnificent gardens": ". . . we capitalists of China," Kwok said, ". . . will [in the near future] . . . be remunerated . . . on the basis of our work . . . But [our] assets come from the exploitation of the workers, and the settlement, *in the view of Chinese capitalists,* is a fair and reasonable one"; and for friends in the U.S. who may say that he is a "Communist capitalist," Kwok has a ready answer: ". . . I believe what I have done is right in the new China."

—Red China is a land of equal opportunity: "Learning is no longer the privilege of the limited few" (putative proof: "Universities are crammed to their limits"—which turns out to mean that Peking University, for example, accommodates as many as 8,434 students out of a national population of 800 million).

—Red China's regime, though hard on "social traditions," is not without piety toward the past: ". . . the Government has intervened to preserve national treasures and monuments . . ."

From this columnist to Mr. Cole, no back-chat. To vary an old Oklahoma saying, "Liar that stayed home ain't got a chance."

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Verdict for Freedom

Here is the first full account of a recent court victory for freedom of the press. The nation's newspapers failed to report it—except for a brief story by the writer, a Chicago journalist

FRANK HUGHES

"I've just been indicted for publishing and distributing political statements," a neighbor of mine told me. "You know something about freedom of the press. What can I do?"

"You're crazy," I answered. "You can't be indicted for that in America. Where do you think you are, Soviet Russia?"

"I'm not crazy," he retorted, "and this isn't Russia. It says here on the indictment that it's the Northern Federal District of Illinois. If you don't believe me, come and look at it."

Being a Chicago newspaperman, in almost daily contact with the federal court or the reporters who cover it, I couldn't believe it. On top of that, I have made a hobby of the history of freedom of the press. I determined to find out what this ridiculous man was talking about.

The "ridiculous man," far from being ridiculous, was nervous and somewhat frightened, just as you or I would be if a United States marshal knocked on the door with a copy of a federal grand jury indictment and summarily carted us down to the courthouse for arraignment, posting of bond, and all the concomitant clanking of chains to let us know Uncle Sam had a mortgage on our future because of "criminal activities."

There wasn't anything phony about this one. I went down to investigate a preposterous story and wound up as a character witness in a trial as deadly serious as the count-down to zero on a rocket range.

It was a story that went unheralded and unnoticed throughout the nation. Why, I don't know, except that nobody seemed to care. The *New York Times*, to my knowledge, didn't carry a stick of type on it, and in Chicago, where it happened, the *Tribune* ran three paragraphs on the verdict. I know because I wrote them. The full story is told here for the first time.

How, in the United States of America, could two reputable citizens, one of them my neighbor the chemical manufacturer, and the other one a lawyer, be indicted by a federal grand jury for "publishing and distributing political statements"?

"Congress," says the First Amendment, "shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, *or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press* . . ."

In other words, Congress cannot legally pass a law "abridging" freedom of the press. In his famous dissent from *Patterson* v. *Colorado*, 1912, Justice John Marshall Harlan the elder heralded the universal validity of this doctrine by saying that, since adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, state legislatures, too, were forbidden to pass any law "abridging" freedom of the press.

Justice Harlan's dictum, holding the Federal Constitution's First Amendment binding upon the states, became the law of the land in 1933 when the Supreme Court decided *Near* v. *Minnesota*. This judgment overturned a Minnesota "gag law" under which the late Floyd Olson, then Hennepin County prosecutor, tried to shut down a puny little scandal sheet by declaring it to be a "public nuisance" because it had exposed his connections with hoodlums and organized crime.

The Minnesota Supreme Court, under the political thumb of Olson and his Farmer-Labor Party, twice declared the validity of this "law," which threatened to gag the press of the entire nation if venal public officials elsewhere followed Olson's example. Fortunately, the United States Supreme Court of those days, being more lawyers than Liberals, recognized the arrant unconstitutionality of the Minnesota "gag law."

Nothing much of importance threatened the freedom to print in ensuing years. Of course, NRA came along, with its threat to freedom through "licensing" newspapers (the power to license is the power to censor). But NRA was declared unconstitutional before the issue of freedom of the press could be raised.

Editors and other vigilant fighters for freedom of the press reported, and drew down public wrath upon, further attempts to suppress liberty, such as Huey Long's efforts to license the New Orleans dailies. Even during World War II, the Roosevelt Administration was too sensitive to public wrath to attempt to censor the press.

New Code Invoked

In this fool's garden of complacency the lovers of freedom basked undisturbed for the next fifteen years or more. To be sure, they lifted binoculars occasionally to spy on the horizon such distant threats as the United Nations Covenant of Human Rights and the activities of the UN Subcommittee on Freedom of Information and the Press, neither of which managed more than an embryonic wiggle before departing this life. At home, all was serene.

Then suddenly, on April 1, 1957, John K. Crippen, part owner of a Chicago chemical manufacturing firm, and Theodore W. Miller, Chicago lawyer, were summoned into a federal district courtroom to stand before a jury and defend themselves against an indictment charging violation of the United States Code, Title 18, Section 612.

And what is Title 18, Section 612?

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It is a sleeper passed into public law in the Truman Administration, apparently when nobody was looking. No one in the Federal Building in Chicago had ever heard of it before.

Robert Tieken, United States Attorney, and Frank J. McGarr, his first assistant, refused to say where they got the brilliant idea of applying this obscure statute, or—more likely—who told them to apply it in this particular instance. Among newsmen, Tieken has a reputation for being "indictment crazy," and is said to chuckle and rub his hands in glee when grand juries—and he's had as many as thirteen of them working for him at one time—fill the tumbrels with candidates for Terre Haute, the federal bastille they call "the country club of the Middle West."

Briefly, Title 18 says that if you write or publish anything about a candidate for federal office, without signing your name to it, you shall be sent to prison. How this could trap newspapers and magazines, where the names of the publishers, editors, managers, and writers are only occasionally printed, should be obvious. But here is the language in full of this iniquitous law:

> Whoever willfully publishes or distributes or causes to be published or distributed, or for the purpose of publishing or distributing the same knowingly deposits for mailing or delivery, or except in cases of employees of the Post Office Department in the official discharge of their duties, knowingly transports or causes to be transported in interstate commerce any card, pamphlet, circular, poster, dodger, advertisement, writing, or other statement relating to or concerning any person who has publicly declared his intention to seek the office of President or Vice-President of the United States, or Senator or Representative in, or Delegate or Resident Commissioner to Congress, in a primary, general, or special election, or convention of a political party, or has caused or permitted his intention to do so to be publicly declared, which does not contain the names of the persons, associations, committees, and corporations responsible for the publication or distribution of the same, and the names of the officers of each such association, committee, or corporation, shall be fined not more than $1,000, or imprisoned not more than one year, or both. [June 25, 1948, c. 645, 62 Stat. 724, amended August 25, 1950, c. 784 § 2, 64, Stat. 475.]

What Crippen and Miller actually did was to print and circulate, just before the general elections of November 1956, a pamphlet entitled *Do You Want a Communist America? How to Vote Against It.* The heading read, "Anti-Communist League of America, P.O. Box 365, Park Ridge, Ill.," and at the end was, "Make checks payable to COPE-ACLA, % P.O. Box 365, Park Ridge, Ill. (COPE-ACLA stands for Committee on Political Education of the Anti-Communist League of America)." The plea for support asked for contributions of $2.00 "or more if you wish."

How the League Began

Some eight years ago, Crippen, who had been active in school and civic affairs in northwest Cook County, of which Chicago is the seat, decided to do something about Communism. He set up the "Anti-Communist League of America"—an imposing name, to be sure, for what began as a vest-pocket operation, but it has grown with the years. The League circulates material aimed at eradication of the Red menace and supports people and causes that are conservative, anti-Communist, anti-Socialist, anti-New Deal.

The print shop, editorial and circulation offices were in the basement of Crippen's house, typical home of a well-to-do family in suburban Park Ridge. At first, it was a one-man affair, with Crippen's loyal wife and daughters helping out. Miller joined in after receiving a very rough baptism in the anti-Communist movement.

Miller, perusing the legal directories, had noted that a great number of his professional colleagues had been officers and members of the National Lawyers Guild, which he regarded as "the legal arm of the Communist Party" (an opinion supported by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and Attorney General Herbert Brownell). He also knew these lawyers to be Liberals.

Miller tried to call this to the attention of the powerful Chicago Bar Association, charged with policing the morals and conduct of Chicago attorneys. He did a lot of investigating, and eventually filed a petition with the Illinois Supreme Court (which the Court refused even to read), charging that some of these Liberal barristers were not only members of the Lawyers Guild, but secret Communists.

For his pains, the lords of the Chicago Bar Association, which is firmly in Liberal hands, got Miller suspended from practice as an attorney for a time, though they couldn't get him disbarred. Then along came Ira Latimer, a reformed Communist and former executive secretary of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, supporting Miller's thesis and naming fifty members of the Chicago bar as persons he knew to be Communists while he was in the Party. The Bar Association clobbered him, too, denying him a certificate to practice on grounds of character and fitness, though he had passed the bar examination.

So much for the two authors.

Lawyers Guild Connections Exposed

The pamphlet was written chiefly by Miller, with Crippen's help. It supported Dwight D. Eisenhower against Adlai Stevenson for President, and the incumbent Republican Governor William G. Stratton against Democratic candidate Richard B. Austin. Eisenhower, whom Crippen regards as an internationalist New Dealer, was damned with faint praise by having his name set in ordinary type, while his running-mate, Dick Nixon, stood out in bold-face as a reward for his patriotism.

The authors went on down the line on congressional, state, county and judicial slates, supporting those who hadn't been hooked up with the National Lawyers Guild, whether Republicans or Democrats. On the race for Cook County State's Attorney, where Republican Benjamin F. Adamowski eventually defeated Democratic incumbent John Gutknecht, the pamphlet said: "No preference is given for this office because both candidates are former high officials of the National Lawyers Guild, legal arm of the Communist Party."

Virtually all the material on Stevenson and other candidates quoted as authority publications of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, reports of Attorneys General, and other such source material. Names were tossed around with some abandon, including those of many im-

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portant Liberals in the Chicago area. Yet nobody challenged the facts. Nobody sued. The indictment was a simple act of punishment for printing and publishing a political tract.

Neither Crippen nor Miller attempted to conceal authorship of the pamphlet or responsibility for it. They had told the United States Attorney that even before he sought the indictment. The request for funds to be sent to the Anti-Communist League of America at the Park Ridge postoffice box was the opposite of concealment.

"In addition," said Miller, "as the evidence showed, 1,500 covering letters on my own personal letterhead were included with the first 1,500 pamphlets mailed. The evidence further showed that as soon as the obscure statute was called to the defendants' attention, they obtained two rubber stamps with their names, and stamped their names upon thousands of the pamphlets, and continued with the distribution of vastly more pamphlets so complying than the relatively small number which did not."

In view of this proof of inadvertence rather than intent, why did the federal government move ponderously to bring these two anti-Communists to trial unless it was to assuage the hurt feelings of the Chicago Liberals who had been connected with the Communist movement through their pamphlet? This is the question Crippen, Miller and their friends still are asking.

The Trial

The trial was a farce in which Tieken and McGarr, the United States Attorneys, proved again, as they had so many times before, that they had got an indictment without having any case (the number of "not guilty" verdicts they have won since 1952 is phenomenal). They went to trial in the courtroom of Judge Julius J. Hoffman, an Eisenhower appointee to the federal district bench, known contemptuously in the press room as "Julius the Just." In his conduct of the trial Judge Hoffman acted like an American Jeffreys, though there is some doubt whether he ever heard of the First Baron of Wem, who conducted the Bloody Assizes for James the Second.

When the government concluded its case against Crippen and Miller without proving any intent on their part to remain anonymous—an essential point of the indictment—Judge John Unger, Probate Judge of Vermilion County, Danville, Illinois, representing the defense, asked for a directed verdict.

Judge Hoffman's ruling was both prejudiced and curious. He said that the pamphlet in question referred to three persons as Communists whom he knew, personally, "to be very eminent members of the Bar of this Court."

"I mention these things," he continued, "because it goes to the intent. You are saying a man does not have any willful intent that makes statements like this." And having thus confused the "intent" to remain anonymous with the "intent" to brand some important people as Communists, the judge overruled the motion. Fortunately, he didn't confuse the jury.

Testimony Excluded

When Defense Attorney Unger, a man of vast legal knowledge, attempted to present the defense, he was hampered at every turn by Judge Hoffman. The Judge excluded the testimony of Ira Latimer, who offered to swear he knew some people mentioned in the pamphlet to be members of the Communist Party. He ruled out all source material such as House Un-American Activities Committee and Senate Internal Security Committee reports bearing on the truth of the pamphlet. Truth, he said, was not material or relevant to the publication.

In 1606, in the case of *de Libellis Famosis,* the Star Chamber of James the First set forth five principles for tyranny over the press, which brought freedom of the press to the lowest point to which it was ever driven in the English-speaking world. Chief of these was: "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." Lord Mansfield repeated this doctrine in 1768, and foreign tyrants have been trying to make it stick ever since. On this side of the water it was rejected as abhorrent to liberty and unthinkable, from the time of the trial of John Peter Zenger in 1735 onward. So far as can be ascertained, "Julius the Just" was the first American judge ever to revive it.

Record Obliterated

The record of *United States* v. *Crippen & Miller* is not available because the defendants couldn't afford the high cost of reporting, transcribing and printing, and the United States Attorney's office, which did have a court reporter there, instructed him to file his notes, but not to transcribe them. This is advanced as a "cost saving" idea, but it also obliterates from the record a case which both judge and prosecutor undoubtedly would like to have everyone forget.

It is unfortunate that the record is not at hand, for undoubtedly the argument of Judge Unger to the jury, and his remarks to the bench, would go down in American annals of freedom of the press alongside the magnificent peroration of Andrew Hamilton in the Zenger case (Andrew Hamilton was the 80-year-old Philadelphia lawyer who made the grueling stage-coach journey to New York in 1735 to defend Zenger on charges of having printed political criticism of the colony's British governor, one William Cosby.) Lewis Morris, James Alexander and William Smith, editors of Zenger's newspaper, wrote down the words of Hamilton's address, and Zenger himself set the type. The original is preserved in the Lenox collection in the New York public library.

Judge Unger's summation was so lucid and so persuasive of the true course of freedom and justice that it took the jury less than twenty minutes to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

"And when the jurors crowded around us to congratulate us," Crippen related, "eight of them gave me their names and addresses and asked me to place them on the mailing list of the Anti-Communist League of America."

Miller summed it up in one pungent sentence: "Thank God for an American jury."

It is a statement with which every American certainly can agree, but juries vary as the wind listeth. The proper course, therefore, is to expunge this vicious and patently unconstitutional law from the federal statutes right now!

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Europe's Ideological Limbo

There are two things which hit the eye of a traveler returning to Europe after an absence of many months spent in Asia. The first impression is one of incredible vulgarity, *nouveau riche* wealth and elephantine heaviness; Europeans strike one as recent barbarians who have "made good" only because they stumbled onto a few clever inventions in medicine and technology. Moreover, they seem to excel in discipline and brutality, and to have a mania for organization. Asia is bound to view them as the Greeks did the Romans.

The second impression concerns Europe's political limbo. Asia is brimming with political discussion, and though its ideologies are either open or surreptitious imitations of the European notions of the late nineteenth century, the European political scene, in comparison, appears terribly empty of ideas. Asia's vacuum is of a spiritual-intellectual nature, that of Europe is political. Nobody, with the exception of a few Spaniards, would be ready to die *for* a political ideal. Almost all Europeans who use their brains are ready to *resist* Communism—if for no other reason than that Communist victory would impair their new fetish: the standard of living.

Yet this is not a satisfactory situation, for over here the Cold War will continue as a war of ideas, of wits, of enthusiasms. The masses of Eastern Europe no less than the intellectuals say No to Communism: not even the children and adolescents in totalitarian schools can be won over to the Red creed. In Western Europe we find the same attitude if we discount a few semi-literate peasants and workers and a handful of venal journalists. There is, nevertheless, one genuine advantage held by the East over the West in this contest: the East has a blueprint, a coherent political idea, a paradisaical mirage of the shape of things to come. It has a very distinct frame of reference. It even has a vocabulary all its own. It possesses an "interpretation of history" and a critique of contemporary society which can boast of sacred scriptures and a catechism. All this means that it can engage in a concerted non-military attack. Europe has no concrete answer to this challenge. Europeans can easily point out that the East does not live up to its own code, that its system has proved unworkable, that it does not fulfill its promises; but none of this invalidates the theory. And since Europe never has been as "pragmatic" as America, theories do count on the Continent. The survival and presence of Marxist Communism, however discredited in practice, are factors one has to reckon with.

True, free Europe could make a public confession of a few basic principles. Such a declaration would sound slightly confused. It would contain a number of mealy-mouthed weasel-words and several carefully planned obscurities in order not to hurt certain elements in the Great Coalition. There would only be one point of agreement: Freedom. Yet liberty, much as we cherish it, is only a means to an end. We want to be free in order to be able to carry out something: to write or to read a book, or to develop a strong, harmonious, courageous personality.

Now, all this pleases Americans (and Britishers) who congenitally do not like ideologies. There has always been an official American "anti-ideological ideological" propaganda which now seems to fit in with the existing European mood. A certain weakening in American "democratic" propaganda is noticeable at present. This retreat is of a tactical character. Too much emphasis on democracy would alienate potential allies in "marginal areas." Besides democracy (*i.e.*, the parliamentary republic) does not represent a real program. It serves as a mere frame. The picture in this frame is a party (or a group of parties) which has rallied the majority of a nation. Such a party may be anything but "democratic" or "liberal" or "progressive." Thus democratic elections in Ceylon and Indonesia meant the ascendance of totalitarianism and pro-Sovietism.

The question we have to ask now is this: "How long will Europe's non-ideological interlude last?" The masses are engaged in the battle for an increase of their standard of living; they are working hard for motor scooters, refrigerators and trips to Italy or Norway. They still have a devastating impression of the lengths to which extreme ideologies—Nazism and Fascism—may lead them. Because their larders are full they are, for the time being, middle-of-the-roaders.

The mood is very different among the intellectuals, who view this development with a certain apprehension. They know that the present prosperity will not last forever and that one fine day Europe's natural bent for *Weltanschauungen* will reassert itself. And if this happens the Soviets will have a distinct advantage, since they will have been in the market without interruption for some time. It will then soon become evident whether they will be opposed by currents trying to *compete* with them on the basis of a *similar* blueprint (as the Nazis did), or whether they will find genuine *opponents* offering a real alternative, such as, for example, the neo-liberals and/or the monarchists. When this situation comes about the relations between Western Europe and the English-speaking world will stand in considerable need of reinterpretation and reconciliation. The difference between the two wave lengths, in spite of the *common* front against the East, will then be most evident. Willy-nilly, Americans will have to align themselves with what the Left calls "reaction."

In the meantime the countries of free Europe are drawing more closely together. The reaction in Central Europe to the bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef was symptomatic of this growing trend. While France was generally condemned, the feeling of European solidarity remained strong; the condemnation was kept within the family. Criticism could not shake the basic new loyalties, which apparently are going to last.

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Insubstantial Pageant

The Sputniki can't be tracked, the USSR having planned it that way. Why? asks NR's gadfly—and replies: their existence is less reliably proved than was the authenticity of Piltdown Man!

MEDFORD EVANS

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
—The Tempest

"Historic moments," Dr. Fred L. Whipple observes pithily, "deserve to be recorded in detail."

October 4, 1957, not quite on the anniversary of Columbus' discovering the New World or of the Bolshevik Insurrection (for if this came off it was more stupendous than either), *MAN made a moon*—something done hitherto only by the Lord God. How historic can you get?

Accordingly, Dr. Whipple—in collaboration with his associate at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, Dr. J. Allen Hynek—relates for posterity, in the December 1957 *Scientific American,* these particulars:

> On the evening of October 4, in Washington, the International Geophysical Year representatives of nearly a dozen participating countries were relaxing at the Soviet Embassy at the end of a week of intensive conferences on the various countries' satellite plans. Richard W. Porter, chairman of the technical panel of the U. S. satellite program, was called to the telephone. He quickly returned and announced to the group: "Gentlemen, our Russian colleagues are to be congratulated. They have successfully launched an earth satellite."

The trouble with historic moments is that you never know when one is going to hit. People are too relaxed. By the time they get a chance to write it down, the details have begun to blur. Compare with Dr. Whipple's narrative the following from the *New York Times*: "Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner . . . beat on a glass at the reception for silence. 'I wish to make an announcement,' he said. 'I am informed by the *New York Times* [*sic!*] that a satellite is in orbit at an elevation of 900 kilometers. I wish to congratulate our Soviet colleagues on their achievement.'" (*Times,* Oct. 5, 1957, p. 3. Dateline, "Washington, Oct. 4.")

It may not matter whether it was Dr. Porter or Dr. Berkner who announced the good news to the Soviet Embassy, but it does seem to matter that we shall have a hard time ever getting it straight one way or the other. These are big men in a confined space. It should not be difficult to get a fix on them, even after cocktails. The Soviet Embassy is a big house, but not like outer space. If either the *New York Times* or the *Scientific American* has goofed on this, one hardly knows what to believe.

Difficult to Track

More bewildering yet is the problem of tracking a satellite. The sky is immense, and a satellite has to go five miles a second to *be* a satellite. *Newsweek* said last spring of the hoped-for U.S. moon: "The 20-inch sphere at an altitude of 300 miles will be no easier to see than a golfball thrown from a 700-mile—er—hour jet at 60,000 feet."

Radio signals help, but you know how you sometimes have difficulty tuning in one of several stations close together on the dial, and how, until you hear some call letters, you don't know what you're getting. When Sputnik was announced the Federal Communications Commission had to issue a stern warning to pranksters, one of whom broadcast on the 20-megacycle frequency that had been unexpectedly selected by the Soviets: "This is the satellite." Of course the fraud was immediately detected, for the joker spoke English.

Except in such obvious cases, however, U.S. agencies—paralyzed by the swiftness of the Soviet surprise move—were powerless to confirm or deny reports, whether from amateurs in Kansas or professionals in Moscow. It was *because* fraudulent broadcasts might well be taken for genuine that the FCC had to do what it could to eliminate them. The comparatively foolproof system of satellite detection set up per international agreement had been taken *hors de combat* by the Soviets' repudiation of that agreement on the eve of their incredible announcement of October 4. Countries participating in the International Geophysical Year, including the Soviet Union, had earlier agreed to use a frequency of 108 megacycles in satellite radio transmitters. At the end of September the Soviets said that they would use 20 and 40 megacycles instead. This was thought to be of academic interest, since no one believed that a Soviet launching was imminent. The *Scientific American* in its October 1957 issue stated flatly that the Soviet artificial moon project was still in the early planning stage, with certain fundamental decisions as to shape, weight, etc. still pending. Other similar magazines, whose ideas are supposed to be as slick as their paper, took it for granted—as did their industrial advertisers—that the first artificial satellite of earth would be made and launched in the U.S.A. Some rather expensive full-page ads to this effect appeared (such are the hazards of the lead-time required in mass production) *after* October 4.

"The unheralded Russian launching caught the formal scientific world with its antennas down," says the January 1958 *Radio and TV News,* adding: "Antennas and equipment designed for 108 mc. were ineffective on Sputnik's 20 mc. and 40 mc. frequencies."

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The chief victim of the Soviet surprise tactic was the U.S. Navy, which had built a special chain of radio tracking stations down the east coast of North America and the west coast of South America, as its share in a cooperative scientific venture which once seemed worth a truce in the cold war. After the Russians switched signals, and before the Navy got its company manners adjusted, some Navy scientists (according to INS from Washington, Oct. 4) "made little secret of their belief that the Soviets had pulled 'a fast one.'"

Frustration in the East

Not only Americans were frustrated. United Press reported from Tokyo October 5 that Dr. Maaji Miyaji of the Mitaka Meteorological Observatory said: "Those frequencies are not those internationally agreed upon for such purposes. They are supposed to use 108 megacycles. I am not observing the satellite," he continued, with a suggestion of understandable peevishness, "and I have no plans to do so in the future unless I find it scientifically worthwhile."

Word came from New Delhi (by AP, Oct. 8) that Dr. K. N. Mathur, deputy director of India's National Physical Laboratory, said, "There must be some other frequency on which they are getting all the information."

"The Indian scientist reasoned," reads the dispatch, "that the Soviet Union would not spend a huge sum of money to launch a satellite that sent only a meaningless 'beep beep beep' back to earth."

From the scientific point of view it was indeed a curious performance. Since satellites go around the world, the cooperation of nations around the world is essential to any reasonable hope for an adequate return of scientific knowledge on the investment of energy, skill, and equipment. Scientifically, it just makes no sense for such a country as Russia to reject, in a project of this kind, the proffered cooperation (patently sincere) of England, France, Germany, Japan, India, the United States, and others. If "Man" is going to make a moon and keep track of it—a fantastically difficult job in any case—it is rationally impossible for him to begin by spurning the aid of nine-tenths of the individuals who understand the problem, have the most advanced equipment, and are strategically distributed around the world. It is vital in such a scientific enterprise to prepare as many people as possible and to alert them in advance of the launching. That is one reason why the International Geophysical Year was organized; that was thought to be the reason why top Soviet satellite officials were in the Embassy on Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D.C., U.S.A., on October 4. Blagonravov's presence there at that time was proof that Russia was not yet prepared to launch a satellite for scientific purposes.

Rumor and Confusion

A satellite for political purposes is another matter. Now the desire is to increase not knowledge but confusion, not to seek information but to propagate rumor, not to collaborate with other nations in the advancement of science, but to outwit them in the contest for political advantage. Blagonravov's presence in Washington in 1957 was analogous to Kurusu's in 1941.

Perhaps more like Malcolm's and Macduff's presence before Dunsinane. You recall how Macbeth's nerve cracked when the messenger said, "I looked toward Birnam and anon, methought, / The wood began to move." Till then, Macbeth had felt secure, relying on the prophecy that he should never be defeated "Till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane." And that was impossible. Now the news: "The wood began to move." "Liar and slave!" cries Macbeth. But he believes it.

The irony is that of course it was not true. Malcolm's soldiers, carrying cut branches before them for camouflage, simulated the movement of a wood. It was a greater psychological stroke against Macbeth than Malcolm could foresee.

The American reaction to Sputnik must have been more spectacular—if less serious—than Khrushchev could anticipate. Nevertheless, the reaction followed logically enough from his plans. Just as by changing radio frequency the Soviets blocked monitoring by competent professional personnel with adequate equipment, so they encouraged maximum participation by amateurs. It is no disparagement of these to say that the predictable result was a confused mass of unreliable data.

"From some of the so-called Sputnik logs we've seen," says *QST—amateur radio* (December 1957), "it is apparent that what some fellows were hearing definitely was not the satellite." It is more difficult to determine that in other cases what the fellows were hearing *was* the satellite.

In future cases, *Radio and TV News* hopes wistfully, observations "may perhaps explain variations such as occurred in both Sputniks' timetables and about which everyone would like to know more. [You can say that again.] There was even some confusion as to the direction in which the first [Sputnik] would next rise."

Hams and Liberals

Contrast the restraint and honest doubt of these trade magazines with the loud Pavlovian responses of the political journals, which slobber when the bell rings whether there is any meat there or not. Trade journal *QST* says that its January cover "symbolizes the extended satellite activity that will take place during 1958. And, should there be any question in your mind of which satellite we're picturing, just kindly note the angle." The reference is to the more nearly equatorial orbit of the American Vanguard compared to the more nearly polar orbit of Sputnik. *QST's* angle is American. I have also noted the angle of the *Nation* and the *Reporter*.

Yet it remains a major defect of the case for Sputnik that, as *Radio and TV News* says, "There is little doubt that the majority of listeners to Sputnik's hypnotic 'beep-beep' during the first few hours . . . were amateurs." The radio ham is an imaginative guy, or he wouldn't be a radio ham. He is perhaps somewhat more ready than the next man to hear Sputnik as, like Rumor in the *Aeneid,* it "flies midway between heaven and earth, hissing through the darkness . . . and makes great cities afraid."

Perhaps even more amateurish, in the colloquial sense, were the early visual observers. It was planned that these "moon watchers" should be mostly amateurs, whose reports

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would, however, be evaluated and interpreted by top-flight professionals at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory under the direction of Dr. Whipple. This team, like the Navy's radio organization, was taken unaware by the Soviets, who announced Sputnik on a Friday evening, Boston time, after everybody had gone home for the week end.

One consequence, as AP reported from Cambridge October 7, was that "Information gathered from moonwatch scientists in Alaska and Australia failed to provide the orbit of the Russian earth satellite tonight when fed into a giant electronic computer. Insufficient or inaccurate data was [*sic!*] blamed for the failure by Dr. Fred L. Whipple."

Unlike its more suggestible human prototypes, the thinking machine simply regurgitated preposterous observations.

Sputnik I has gone down, I guess. For something that started with such a bang it ended with scarcely a whimper. I quote in its entirety an AP story from page 21 of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* January 21, 1958: "Moscow, Jan. 20 (AP)— Soviet scientists said tonight a review of calculations shows Sputnik I penetrated the denser layers of the atmosphere and evaporated Jan. 4. That was three months to the day from its launching."

I don't know where this leaves the Ohio State professor to whom *Time* for January 27 gives a column and a half for the ingenious method by which he was able to observe fragments of Sputnik long after the beep was gone because the ionization lingered on. The last Sputnik fragment "appeared again on Jan. 10, but on Jan. 11 Dr. [J. D.] Kraus searched the sky in vain."

I don't know where the word "evaporated" leaves those who so confidently forecast a fiery death for Sputnik. Moscow, it may be retorted, is notoriously unreliable. That's what I always say.

Time for January 20 remarked of a discredited sequel to Sputnik—the inhabited rocket: "Last week's space junket took off on a typewriter at 7:52 p.m." *Time's* sickle was never sharper—nor, for that matter, its hammer ever blunter—than in this slashing, pounding attack—well deserved, too—on "the free world's press" for being too "quick to trumpet Soviet triumphs and even quicker to imagine them." Recalling, however, *Time's* own treatment of Sputnik as the symbol of Soviet success in 1957 and its choice of Khrushchev as Man of the Year, I'm not sure whose blood this is on the newsstand. It is easy to cut yourself with a sharp sickle.

The Big Lie?

I have no doubt that most of Russia's recent triumphs have been produced on American typewriters. I am totally unimpressed by the argument that now we *know* they have the H-bomb because they have announced the Sputnik, now we know they have the A-bomb because they have announced the H-bomb, and when *will* we stop underestimating the Russians? Of course the arguments for the A- and H-bombs are somewhat more substantial than those for Sputnik, but all are inconclusive. The product of any number and zero is still zero, and one lie is not proved by the confident assertion of another. On the other hand, one mistake, or lie, if it is big enough, does create doubts concerning other statements from the same source. The "hard intelligence" last summer from both the *New York Times* and the *Scientific American* was that in the satellite program at least the U.S. was substantially ahead of the USSR. Why is hard intelligence from the same sources any better today?

But you *know* they saw something! Yes, but I don't know *what* they saw. Mrs. Anna Masevitch, Soviet astronautrix in charge of the Russian moon watch, told reporters in Barcelona, Spain, where she was when Sputnik was announced (don't feel too bad, Dr. Whipple; you were at least in the country!), that her organization had been pretested by a jet plane with a light which simulated Sputnik. I've seen a lot of lights in the night sky I didn't know what they were. If I'd had a camera I could have taken a picture of them, positioned against the stars.

The majority of people, of course, have seen nothing. Cartoonist Lichty has explained it: "Glorious 'Sputnik' is like glorious food production and glorious consumer goods production. Is not visible to naked eye, comrade stupid! . . ."

I don't believe the photographs of Sputnik have been analyzed as thoroughly as the fossil remains of the Piltdown Man.

But what about the beep-beep-beep of the Sputnik? Night and day we heard it! *Time* quotes AP's quote of a British engineer: "We get strange noises constantly. A noise might be a hair dryer in Cornwall."

Sky and Telescope, a publication of the Harvard College Observatory, after describing (November 1957) the "radio signals transmitted from the satellite," adds, "Several monitoring stations picked up other strong 20 megacycle signals, *probably originating from a ground station in the Moscow area* [emphasis supplied] which apparently triggered the telemetering system in the satellite." Why may not the whole Sputnik sonata have been broadcast from Moscow? Or by a network of stations coordinated from Moscow?

Impossible! Not at all. Difficult, yes, but much easier than actually launching an artificial earth satellite, just as a Potemkin village is easier to build than a real one. And with an uncritical audience the propaganda value is just as great.

A friend of mine observed not long ago that he wished he could be as skeptical of the Sputnik as I am. I wish that I could be less skeptical, for of course it is more alarming to think that we are so gullible and our press so corrupt that it will connive at and we will fall for the hoax of the ages, than it would be to think merely that the Soviets had beaten us in a particular event.

Americans have earned the retort which a noble friend of Lord Byron's gave a man who approached him in the Strand and said, "Mr. Livingston, I believe?"

"Sir," replied the peer, "if you will believe that, you will believe anything."

Appendix

Contrast the circumstantial and thoroughly documented account of the launching of America's Explorer with the scenario-like stories which introduced the Sputniks. The U.S. reported time, place, method, and early observations of its own with great precision—but no greater than the

(*Continued on p.* 263)

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

As the Crisis Deepens

We are moving steadily into a period of intense political crisis. Everyone knows it and few people, certainly, among those who still care for freedom and stability and honest government, regard the future with much equanimity.

In the greatest issue of all, the conflict between Communism and the free world, danger is appearing under new and tempting guises. Mr. Macmillan, pressed on the connected subjects of a summit conference and our relations with Europe, is expressing grave fears of any move which might lead to the breakup of NATO. And those fears are not groundless.

In Britain almost everyone believes that, though it may be staved off for anything up to two years, a Socialist Government is inevitable. The *post mortem* on the Rochdale by-election continues to miss the point. Liberals claim that the public wants "a center party"; but the disgruntled Tories who voted Liberal at Rochdale did so because they thought the Conservative Party had gone Left. It is now the Conservatives, not the Liberals, who waver in the middle and get shot at from both sides. The Labor Party claims that it is nonsense to talk of an "anti-Socialist vote" including both Conservative and Liberal supporters: you might just as well talk of an "anti-Liberal vote" including Conservatives and Socialists. But this is a fallacy, resting on an out-of-date view of the political scene: Socialism is different in kind from the other parties and, according to its own leaders cannot be taken merely as "a respectable alternative Government." Conservatives jeer at the Liberals for having no policy; and thereby miss the point that ordinary people are tired of policies and doctrines. They want a Government of reasonable men.

But where are reasonable men to be found? The mass electorate votes according to its own view of its own immediate interest, and the politicians of every party dispose with Proctrustean ruthlessness of any ideas which do not exactly fit their own preconceived notions.

The Cohen Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes issued its report last week. It was honest and hard-hitting: it discussed every side of the argument before presenting entirely rational conclusions. The Council says: "Our objective should be to stop inflation, not merely to moderate its course." Therefore it hopes that "if any wage increases are granted in 1958 they will be substantially below the average of the last few years." No one should be shocked, it goes on, if the rate of unemployment increases a little further. It is impossible for a free and flexible economic system to work efficiently without a perceptible, though not catastrophic, margin of unemployment. The Council approves the measures which the Government has taken to curb inflation, but says these moves should have been made two years earlier. It does not approve of dividend limitation, rent control, subsidies, new taxes or other attempts to interfere "by legislation or exhortation." The benefits of increased productivity should be passed on in lower prices, not in higher wages: the undesirability of a wages scramble "should be continuously in the minds of those who are called upon to take any part, by conciliation, arbitration and the like, in negotiations about wages."

Oh, the cries of rage and fury! The Cohen Council was an impartial investigating body of the highest intelligence and integrity, but does anyone who didn't already agree with it pay the slightest attention to its findings? Of course not. Mr. Gaitskell says sourly that this is a mere political tract, designed to help the Conservative Party. One trade union leader says the views of the Council probably represent the average age of its members (whatever that may mean) and another says the report will confirm the distrust now felt by trade unionists for any form of arbitration. The miners, the busmen, the railwaymen, the dockers, the building workers and the electricians continue their current wage claims.

Back in the House of Commons we find the Government again raising the price of the compulsory weekly contribution which everyone has to pay towards the Health Service. This new rise comes just a few weeks after the last one and is still only an interim measure. High though these contributions are, they produce less than 20 per cent of the total cost of the Health Service: the rest comes out of general taxation.

We shall soon be presented with a comprehensive new scheme for financing the the social services. Both parties are working out their own plans, but the Conservatives, no less than the Socialists, intend membership and contributions to be compulsory. Nor will there be any reduction in the scope of the services. The figures for supplementary Government spending announced last week showed that the worst fears based on Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation were fully justified.

These announcements were made in the House of Commons on the day when Mr. Macmillan first reappeared after his Commonwealth tour. You may think them of some importance. You may suppose that the Opposition would have bombarded the Government with questions. But the Socialists were too busy with their own little games.

They had persuaded the successful Labor candidate from Rochdale to postpone his arrival in the House of Commons until that day, so they could play him off against the return of the Prime Minister. All this tedious financial business got in their way. Nothing interested them until the moment when at last they could introduce their hero amid cheers and jeers and cries to the Government to resign.

It was not a pleasant spectacle. Even hardened Parliamentary correspondents are finding the behavior of the House of Commons nowadays rather more than they can stand. It emphasized the chief reason for what happened at Rochdale. People want to vote against party politics and don't know how to do so.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Federal Educational Boondoggle

"Not a crash program, but a cash program": this is the slogan which some zealots for federal aid to schools have produced recently. They're not much interested in doing anything to aid the nation in its present struggle to retain its security and influence; but they are very much interested in hard cash. I admire their candor.

Mr. Folsom, our Health, Education, and Welfare benefactor, has come forth with a crash-cash program, approved by President Eisenhower. It would award 10,000 federal scholarships annually to students of science; 5,500 fellowships for college teachers; $15.5 million for grants-in-aid to states for "uncovering high-school students" of promise; $110,000 to "improve teaching methods" and encourage teachers of science and mathematics; $1.2 million—and more to come—to hearten teachers of languages; $79 million to the National Science Foundation for scientific institutes and "research to improve teaching methods." The trouble with all this, the NEA people say, is that it isn't *enough* cash. But with one thing they are well satisfied: it would establish the precedent of federal spending for, and supervision of, the schools.

Last year, Mr. Eisenhower told us—at the urging of the National Education Association—that we really must put up great sums of federal cash for building schools everywhere, or else. We didn't put up the cash, and there has been no "or else." This year Mr. Eisenhower and the NEA seem to have forgotten all about building schools; it's not even mentioned in Mr. Folsom's program. Apparently, as Congress decided, the states and communities are able to solve that problem for themselves.

Mr. Folsom's plan is a collection of fallacies. There is nothing in it that could not be accomplished by the states, the local communities, and private foundations; nor is the sum too great to be raised from these sources. Some provisions would be positively baneful—quite apart from the dangerous precedent of federal interference with the schools: to give the educational bureaucracy great sums of money to "improve teaching methods" and "improve testing methods" would be water down the drain, for these improvements would be undertaken by the very people who already have terribly injured the real art of pedagogy in the sciences and in everything else. Already the schools and departments of education are sending out professors of *education* to give courses in the teaching of physics and mathematics—not professors of physics and mathematics, but educationist doctrinaires. Allow me to doubt that the educationist hierarchy really is much interested in improving the quality of teaching in the sciences; for they have shown remarkably little interest in that these past three or four decades. What they *are* inerested in is more jobs for the boys: more sinecures in the empire of educationism, more patronage, more "guidance counsellors," "experts in testing," and "resource persons."

Who's Done the Neglecting?

But the central fallacy of the Folsom program is simply this: it isn't money that we need for the improvement of instruction in science, or in anything else. For already we spend far more on schools than any nation ever has before in all history—far more, per capita, than the Russians do. Our trouble is that we are not obtaining value for our expenditures. It is quite true that proper instruction in mathematics and the pure sciences has been neglected in our public schools. But who has done the neglecting? Why, precisely the people who now are eager for federal intervention in "science education." Our money has gone for "plant," athletic fields, "enriching group experiences," not to mention driver-training and housewifery. It also has gone to create an immense bureaucracy of educationists, whole schools of education whose staffs and students greatly outnumber the professors and serious students of science and mathematics.

A moderately prudent reallocation of the funds spent on schools at present could give us the best-financed scientific program in the world. Michigan State University wants a cyclotron. Well and good: but there is no need to appeal to the Michigan Legislature, or the federal government, for the money. I have a very simple suggestion: let Michigan State University abolish its school of education, which does nothing but work mischief in the art of pedagogy. The consequent saving in funds would buy a cyclotron and maintain it in perpetuity. And the department of physics at MSU—which happens to be a good department—is infinitely better qualified for training teachers of science than the MSU school of education, or Teachers College, Columbia, or the NEA, or even Mr. Folsom.

There are a good many schools nowadays in which physics or chemistry is taught by the football coach, who has the best salary in the school after superintendent and principal. He may never have had a course in either physics or chemistry; but he's had courses in education; and all the educationist hierarchs inform us that "subject-matter knowledge" doesn't really count for much; what matters is "understanding our wonderful boys and girls." Now, our wonderful boys and girls are quite capable of playing games with no coach at all; but they are not capable of learning pure science with no teacher worthy of the name. Again, I venture to suggest a mere transfer of funds, not an enormous fresh appropriation.

Finally, what our teachers need is not to listen to lectures on "how to teach science" by a doctor of education, but rather an opportunity to enroll in scientific courses instead of education courses. The people who have the stranglehold on education—and who would control the proposed federal funds—are in the schools of education, however, not the departments of physics. And they know which side their bread is buttered on, though they have only the vaguest notion of the laws of thermodynamics.

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Superstitious Materialism

REVILO OLIVER

Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam is probably one of the best known churchmen in the United States. He is certainly one of the most doctored. He is D.D.[3], Litt.D.[3], D.Sc., L.H.D.[2], S.T.D.[3], LL.D.[6], and Th. D.—and only one of his nineteen degrees was bestowed by an institution behind the Iron Curtain.

He has a remarkable record. For the benefit of reviewers his publishers have crowded into 126 square inches a list of his honors and affiliations, but the list is incomplete, for it omits the numerous activities in which he had to admit participation when he was under oath before the congressional Committee on Un-American Activities in July 1953. It does not include the significant facts that his name appears in almost every discussion of the Communist Party's extensive infiltration of the American clergy, and that he is usually a member of the various Councils, Conferences, and Associations that from time to time discover a singular coincidence between Christian doctrine and whatever policy happens at the moment to suit the convenience of the Kremlin. There is no mention of his connection with American University, which boldly championed Professor Herbert Fuchs so long as there was hope that he would defy the Committee on Un-American Activities and immediately discharged him when he testified against Communist conspirators (see NATIONAL REVIEW, Jan. 25, 1956).

Bishop Oxnam's career suggests some interesting questions, but the reader who hopes to find the answers in his latest book (*A Testament of Faith,* Little, Brown, $3.00) will be disappointed. The Reverend Bishop's opinions as set forth therein are Protean, amorphous, elusive. They are hedged on all sides by apparently ingenuous confessions of ignorance: "I know little about heat and light and the constitution of matter," "I am not a theologian," "I cannot prove it." There is even a winsome humility: "I do not condemn. I speak as one who has sinned."

Behind these hedges of modesty is planted a variegated garden of opinions in which everyone can find some blossom to his taste. The reader may elect, for example, to believe with the author on p. 71 that there must be a hell in which Hitler is currently tormented because on any other hypothesis "the universe is an insane asylum," or he may prefer to smile with the author on p. 148 at the "old pictures of men suffering the torments of hell," or he may choose to share the indignation excited on p. 131 because "the doctrine of hell gave the priestly class great power in the Middle Ages." If you are pained when you hear from the pulpit propaganda for "a cooperative social order" without "differences of race, of nation, and of class," you will be relieved to learn on p. 123 that "the so-called social gospel" is now obsolete: "Much of contemporary social drive is a carry-over from the day when it was believed that dedicated men . . . could . . . build a Kingdom of God on earth." But if you enjoy that propaganda, turn to p. 167 and read that "it is an affront to God" to doubt that men can now "abolish war and establish peace, fashion justice, and set up racial brotherhood."

In fact, unless you are distracted by such matters as the question whether Christ was really the Son of God or merely a young Jew who said some things of which Bishop Oxnam approves, you can be sure of finding in this book some support for your favorite brand of social uplift: you name it, the Bishop's got it.

BUT WHAT does the Bishop really believe? He professes, to be sure, Love for almost everyone on earth except Whittaker Chambers, "chief witness in the Hiss case," who "seems to have lost faith in man." ("How dare such a voice speak of 'tokens of hope and truth'!") But what are the fruits of Love?

Love somehow makes it certain that "Man . . . has learned that class, race, *and nation* are concepts too small to unite mankind to win world law and order." Therefore "Man now enters . . . a world in which we *are to be* educated for universal living." Beyond the hints that I have italicized the Bishop cautiously does not go. But I note that another exponent of "universal love," Mr. Zoltan Sztankay, is more explicit in his recent *Christianity, Democracy and Technology* (Philosophical Library, $3.75).

Mr. Sztankay also writes unctuously, but in the end he candidly tells us that the United States must be destroyed to make way for "a better world of institutionalized world-cooperation" which will be "the divinely-designed common political community of the whole human family." Americans must be stripped of their wealth, and all men must be ruthlessly leveled by Christian Love, for "in a Christian society, no political, social, or economic discrimination can be permitted."

Such candor has, of course, the disadvantage that some readers will discover without pleasure that the writer's Christianity differs from Communism only by an impudent claim to divine sanction. And even if such readers are willing to assume that the strange coincidence is purely coincidental, they may ask whether such men as the outspoken Mr. Sztankay or the more circumspect Bishop Oxnam are entitled to call themselves Christians.

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Among the innumerable sects that have called themselves Christian one can find a precedent for almost any doctrine. Even in the earliest centuries of Christianity there were sects which discovered, for example, that God had ordained nudism (Adamites), prostitution (Simonians), homosexuality (Cainites), communism (Carpocratians), and even snake-worship (Ophites). And one of the most common heresies in all ages has been the doctrine of "progressive revelation" by which an Amalric of Bena or a John of Leyden or an Oxnam of Washington claims authority to pick out of Scripture whatever passages please him and to cancel or rewrite the rest. But if Christianity is not merely a name for any man's whims, it must be defined historically by reference to its canonical books and the theological tradition that recognizes their authority.

By such a definition, however wide the latitude that we allow for all the differences of theological interpretation, Christianity excludes all schemes of social reform. The fact that the converts to Christianity in the early centuries were drawn almost exclusively from the lower classes has led to the gratuitous inference—drawn by polemists against Christianity, but widely accepted by the uninformed and by agitators in search of a protective covering—that the Christian religion spread as a kind of revolutionary movement for "social justice." Nothing could be farther from historical fact.

*There is not even the slightest in*dication that Christianity, a religion of the spirit and hence exclusively concerned with the moral choices that individuals freely make in their own minds, promised or desired to change the structure of society. Far from calling for equality in this world, it expressly sanctioned all forms of inequality. No historical evidence for Christianity is more impressive than the fact that this religion, which for more than two centuries was almost exclusively the creed of slaves and paupers, sanctioned slavery explicitly and repeatedly (*e.g.*, Eph. vi.5; Col. iii.22; 1 Tim. vi.1; Tit. ii.9; 1 Pet. ii.18). It commands slaves to obey their masters in deeds as faithfully as they obey Christ in their hearts (*servi, oboedite dominis . . . sicut Christo*). The point is made emphatically, for Christianity was honest in its appeal to the humble and the unfortunate; it sought converts to religion, not adherents drugged with dreams of universal comfort or bribed with promises of loot. Its apostles knew that a man who could confuse the peace of the spirit with better living conditions was fundamentally irreligious—would become, whatever his professions of faith, merely a superstitious materialist.

Since the only moral acts are those which an individual performs voluntarily, Christianity could not advocate social reform by legislation or violence. It is an historical fact that Christians had no political influence whatsoever until long after the Roman Empire was doomed by an incurable cancer—by the socialism which, engendered by the greed and malice of reformers, multiplies its bureaucratic cells until the society in which it has rooted itself expires in anguish.

Logically and historically, Christianity must be the antithesis of the "universal love" that is currently peddled by men who find their country a "concept" too small to deserve loyalty. And a crude counterfeit of religion, whether manufactured by folly or by cunning, must not be used as a narcotic to blunt our perception of danger with romantic visions of a "world community" and "enduring peace." Those are the hallucinations that precede disaster. *For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them.*

An Age of Faith and Reason

RUSSELL KIRK

In the French, Henri Daniel-Rops' *History of the Christian Church* fills eight volumes; *Cathedral and Crusade* (Dutton, $10.00), the third volume, is the only one as yet translated into English. I hope that all the rest may be made available. The High Middle Ages, however, are Daniel-Rops' favorite historical period, and this volume probably is the very best of the impressive bulk of his works.

For him, the term "Middle Ages" is not an epithet. "In their unreasoning enthusiasm for antiquity, the leaders of the Renaissance were outrageously unfair towards the preceding age." These three heroic centuries, from St. Bernard of Clairvaux to the end of Christendom and the fourteenth-century agony, in some respects were the apex of civilization. Medieval men did not consider themselves medieval—nor act like the caricatures in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*

> Unconscious of any break in continuity between themselves and their predecessors of the ancient world, they had no sense of living, so to speak, in an historical parenthesis. No such idea would ever have occurred to them; their existence was too full to admit the mournful prospect of a transistory age. Their sense of kinship with and loyalty to the past was infinitely stronger than that of the present generation, whose faith is pinned upon the years to come, and who glibly assume that because a thing belongs to the future it is more valuable than its present counterpart.

This was the time of the genius of Aquinas, the splendor of the Gothic churches, and the marvellous explosion of faith called the Crusades. M. Daniel-Rops exposes the vulgar error that the Middle Ages were an epoch of abysmal ignorance. "We are too often presented with the picture of illiterate folk ready to lap up superstition from the hand of a tyrannical clergy." On the contrary, universal schooling existed, at least in theory; and certainly every parish had some sort of school, under a lay or a church patron.

In the parish primary schools, the children learnt the catechism, reading, writing, tallying, "a little grammar, and sometimes scraps of Latin." Would that primary schools did as much today! The monastic and cathedral schools were the secondary institutions of the time, " open to all comers between the ages of seven and twenty, without any class distinction" —except that the wealthy were expected to pay modest fees, while the poor paid nothing. The well-known *trivium* and *quadrivium* often were only the core of the curriculum, not the whole of it.

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In Paris, when the population was but fifty thousand, there were three or four thousand university students in residence. Celebrated professors had to lecture from church pulpits, only the churches being large enough to shelter the throng of students; and the Sorbonne owes its ascendance, in part, to the fact that this college possessed an enormous hall, and so attracted great scholars and their auditors. Europe had twenty-five universities in the High Middle Ages, and yet others were founded toward the close of the period. "Far from stagnation, medieval thought strikes us as a splendid effervescence of which few periods can show the like. It was in this stirring climate that St. Anselm, Abelard, and St. Bernard worked. They were followed by Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, and finally by Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus—an imposing array of genius, or at least of extraordinary talent, and produced by Christendom within a period of less than two hundred years." And the root of all this intellectual labor was the Faith. "St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas are complementary, not mutually exclusive." Reason assisted faith, and faith reason.

In the end, however, "Reason, becoming self-conscious, yielded to the temptation of pride, and knowledge acquired in the lap of Mother Church ended by turning men against her. Then indeed the Christian Middle Ages were in a mortal agony and a new page was turned in the history of mankind." By the year 1350, in the schools as in the world, the rot was far advanced. Christianity seemed an old song, and men lusted after new ways, and within the Church itself the old evils that had plagued it before the Cluniac reform were felt once more. The terrors of the Hundred Years War devastated France; the Turks were hard by Constantinople.

"Medieval man had been joyous, confident in life, sustained in hope. He was no longer so." In the whole of the literature of the High Middle Ages, there is not one work of pessimism:

> Its violence notwithstanding, medieval humanity had been a brotherly society; that too was no more. In the face of mortal danger, charity and friendship and such deeper sentiments as family love lost their hold. . . . War, increasing anarchy and the complexity of international relations, wherein men might well wonder where their duty lay, were not calculated to restrain human passions.

Strange heresies flourished, and ancient universities decayed. It was now the dread time of Dante, brooding in fever-wracked Ravenna among the tombs, "the man who has been to hell and come back again." From St. Bernard, "the conscience of his age," to Dante, the scourge of his time's follies, the Middle Ages had extended in their chivalry and their splendor. For the unity of Christendom, spiritual and temporal, Dante spoke out at the very end. The hope and resolution of St. Bernard and Dante glow nobly out of Daniel-Rops' eloquent book.

Theater

On and Off Broadway

ROBERT PHELPS

The people who were teenagers when Norma Talmadge was queen of America are now past forty, mostly prosperous, and very numerical. They are also inclined to indulgent self-appraisal, and the most interesting aspect of William Inge's new play (*The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,* Music Box Theater) is that it spends three acts not only tickling their affection for spit curls, fringed dresses and the Charleston, but, more subtly, flattering their superior "understanding" of all their once innocent class foibles, from anti-Semitism to fear of being frank about sex.

At one point, when the lonely but unquestionably upright young mother (she means well, but her husband is a traveling salesman) lolls on the living room rug and stretches out her arms toward her moody, already sissified son, I heard the lady next to me murmur with zestful satisfaction, "That boy's going to have complexes . . ." A successful comedy scene is built around two girls earnestly discussing the pros and cons of dating a "Jewish boy." There is heartily patronizing laughter when the vulgar, loud-talking aunt rants about the danger of Catholic movie stars, and a little later, when she weakly confesses that her husband has not touched her for three years, the audience savors its own capacity for looking boogies in the eye with an almost audible hush. Finally, there is an ending so patly wholesome that I expected to hear the player piano break into Mendelssohn's Wedding March. In other words, William Inge has moved from the private world of moods and feelings, which gave his earlier plays their individual flavor, to a public world of modes and manners which ought to make his future plays as profitably sudsy as Rinso.

There is none of this arch feeding-the-public-from-the-playwright's-palm in Tennessee Williams' *Garden District* (York Theater). In fact, the source of feeling he writes from has become so private and obsessive that he has shied away from Broadway altogether and has chosen a small uptown theater where he no longer has to depend on pleasing the greater public in order to return his producer's investment.

Even when I have been distressed, or a little bored, I have always been moved by Tennessee Williams' personal relations with his public. When *Garden District* was about to open, he gave at least one press interview in which he seemed to be struggling for a greater intimacy with his audience than playwriting ordinarily allows. He discussed his private suffering, his psychoanalysis, his drinking, as though he wished people to see his play less as a work of the theater than as a marginal comment on his own tortured attempts at self-reckoning; as though "the play's the thing whereby we'd catch the conscience of Tennessee Williams."

In a way, this is presumptuous; in another way, it is courageous. It always takes guts to offer one's personal example, and because Williams has so explicitly invited an intimate approach to his work, and because, too, I find his quality of seriousness

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contagious (and just about unique in our American arts today—Inge's easy slickness being the norm), I would like to discuss *Garden District* without the kid gloves I have noticed in the other reviews.

It is a double bill. First, a short curtain raiser called *Something Unspoken,* which is about a New Orleans lady who has never been able to tell her companion-secretary that she desires more than secretarial services from her. Then, a long single act called *Suddenly Last Summer,* which is the crux of the evening. Actually, this play amounts to two long monologues, with a bridge of harshly melodramatic action in between. The content: another New Orleans lady whose son Sebastian has recently died under mysterious circumstances. A niece who was with him at the time has brought back an account so shocking that she has been confined to a private hospital ever since, and Sebastian's mother is now trying to bribe a doctor into performing a lobotomy which will presumably shut her up for good.

The mother describes Sebastian as a poet who loved beautiful people and felt himself marked out for some terrible sacrifice. But it is immediately obvious that he was neither much of a poet nor much of a human being, but only a rapaciously promiscuous homosexual who roamed from one corner of the earth to another preying on the young and posturing in various pseudo-religious attitudes before his own self-esteem. At the play's climax, the doctor gives the niece a truth serum, and she reveals that Sebastian died when he was mobbed on the street of a remote tropical seaport by a band of starving adolescents, who then literally bit pieces out of his body.

If I emerged from the York Theater with a sense of desolate resentment, I don't think this was because—as rumor has it—the play is about the horrors of homosexuality laid bare. *Suddenly Last Summer* is an acrid, melancholy experience, but this is because it is about half a dozen human beings whose lives are entirely, bleakly, blankly, untouched by love of any kind. It would be just as appalling if Sebastian were a woman. For what is truly horrible about his story is not the fact that he desired his own sex, but that his desire remained possessive and quantitative: that he apparently never loved anything, or anyone, ever, in his whole wretched life.

Now I doubt if Tennessee Williams thereby means to tell us that a homosexual relationship, by its very nature, precludes the possibility of love. If so, I believe he is wrong; love is always a form of grace. It is given; it cannot be willed; and some people, irrespective of their sexual appetites, do appear to pass through their lives without its epiphany.

If Tennessee Williams has been such a person so far, I only hope this: that it will be given him to fall truly in love some day—I don't care if it's with Peter Rabbit; and that he will then write us a play about that. For he has not only the finest dramatic gifts working in the American theater today, but something even more important: an honest voice. But I don't know how anyone can go on being merely gifted, merely honest, about a world as cold, hopeless and unloving as the Garden District seems to be trapped in.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RUSSIANS, by Alex Percow (Greenwich, $2.75). This slender book is eloquent and terrifying. In an impressionistic rendering of life in the Soviet slave camp of Ouhto-Petchersk, jumping-off place for Vorkuta's dreaded coal mines, Mr. Percow conveys all too clearly the reality behind the "chosen form of government" existing in the USSR. Not, of course, that anyone seriously considering the subject could by now have any doubt. But Mr. Percow's novelistic skill—which at its best approaches Dostoevskian heights of fury and power—explodes that fact out of the realm of the abstract and into living realization. Recommended reading for those yearning co-existentialists now trying to push America into another Geneva conference.

C. LOGAN

HORACE, by Edward Fraenkel (Oxford, $8.80). Horace is one of the great poets of all time. To experience his poetry you need only a reasonably good text, the amount of help given, for example, by the admirably simple and concise notes of John Bond revised by Rostagni (Turin, 1948), and time to read him again and again. But no text is perfect, and some implications obvious to Horace's contemporaries remain obscure to us. Classical philologists must therefore continue their patient and arduous toil. The next generation—if the world does not revert to the Dark Ages—will read a purer text with greater accuracy, and for these improvements it will be indebted to no man of our time more than to Professor Fraenkel.

R. P. OLIVER

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS HIS MIND, by Henry J. Taylor (Doubleday, $3.95). Week after week, for eleven years, Henry J. Taylor analyzed, criticized and commented on events and trends, always from the viewpoint of traditional Americanism. A great many Americans were influenced by these broadcasts. Now they have been collected and edited and put out in book form. The chief merit of the book is its art; the staccato style necessary to the medium, the pungent phrase, the short sentence and the apparently disconnected paragraphs could well be used as text material for a course in effective radio broadcasting.

F. CHODOROV

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To the Editor

Importing English Misfits

Your editorial in the February 22 issue concerning the woes of Derek Wiscombe is a classic example of how England is helping to bring on its own destruction.

If England cannot recognize the importance and dire need for young men with this type of enterprising spirit, I recommend that we, as individuals, devise a means to import them to America—before it is also too late over here.

Madrid, Spain JOHN D. DIBBLE

On Curbing the Court

Many compliments to Mr. Bozell for his discerning article, "A Bill to Curb the Court" [March 1]. This is one of the finest articles to appear on the case of the *Supreme Court* vs. *Constitutional Government,* and is, indeed, Mr. Bozell's crowning achievement of an extremely perspicacious career.

In particular, his refutation of the probable and existent arguments of the Liberal shows a beautiful Aristotelian line. . . .

Fort Benning, Ga. NEIL P. O'DOHERTY

The French Crisis

Today I received the February 1 issue, and seeing an article on France by Lee Edwards turned to it at once. To my dismay, "The Way of All France" reflects merely the irk of a young man, conditioned by American pragmatism and obviously quite unacquainted with the deeper historical and psychological forces that form the setting in which a two-day strike of this sort should be appraised. To gallop to the conclusion that because one didn't storm the ramparts this means that "apathy and indifference to ills that can be cured are dangerous symptoms of a dying society" is simply ludicrous.

Referring to Paris as "the acknowledged center of luxury and pleasure" has the smack of a *fin-de-siècle* cliché hardly corresponding to the stern realities lived by the immense majority in the capital today. To impute French bankruptcy uniquely to "the Algerian war and tax evasion" without mentioning the heavy drain of Social Security (the highest in Europe), investments to improve underdeveloped territories, etc. is unfair and inaccurate.

The Herculean task of the present regime and the energy and determination of our young Premier to meet it have increasingly struck me since my return. And may I add that the hitherto unpublicized efforts of the French in the Sahara have resulted in the Oil Miracle which may well change world politics, link White to Black Africa, and create the great Eurafrican community. . . .

Paris, France DOROTHY POULAIN

Self-Supporting Students

I share NATIONAL REVIEW's misgivings regarding the proposal to refund $500 income tax per year to the parents of each college student ["Paying for College Education," February 22]. Just how is this plan supposed to benefit the colleges? It might be helpful if there were a shortage of students, but we are told that the colleges are turning applicants away. Or perhaps the colleges would merely raise their tuition rates to absorb the additional $500? In this case the college would undoubtedly profit, but, unfortunately, many of the students would be in a worse financial position.

I refer to those working students who pay their own tuition out of their salaries. . . . These students, the majority of whom work full time, pay the same income tax on their wages as anyone else. They are not permitted any tax deduction to compensate for the large hunk of their income that goes for continually mounting educational expenses.

If the aim of this proposal is to subsidize the colleges, then it is really neither wise nor honest to do it under the guise of helping the taxpayer. If the aim is to encourage the brilliant but financially hard-up student to get a higher education, then this is a strange and devious way to go about it. If anyone is worthy of a tax allowance, it would seem to be the student who is partially or fully self-supporting. In any event, let's not make things more difficult for the self-supporting college student. . . .

Astoria, N.Y. CATHERINE B. WILLIS

Rockets in South Uist

Your readers should know that since I wrote the article on this subject which appeared on January 11, the British Government's plans to set up a rocket-testing base in the Western Isles have been very much modified. Preparations have been reduced by more than 50 per cent. The "invasion" of Gaelic South Uist by English-speaking technicians and servicemen will be very much smaller than had been expected: indeed, it is not absolutely certain that this particular rocket plan will ever be carried through.

Unfortunately, one cannot feel sure that the traditional life of the island will survive the changes which the launching of the project have brought with them. The survival of the Gaelic language and the crofting economy—still more their revival—depended on a very delicate balance indeed. Some of the islanders have left their land. The little local industries have been shaken.

This nucleus of an alternative to the modern mass society may still disappear. South Uist illustrates only too well what is apt to happen when a distant Government breaks in on a people it does not understand.

Glasgow, Scotland J. M. REID

Hamlet: Fugitive or Prince?

As a Shakespearean student (two years under Professor Kittredge plus writing and research of my own) I am shocked by Rebecca West's interpretation of Hamlet as outlined in Robert Phelps' review of her *The Court and the Castle* [March 1]. I am also a little shocked at Mr. Phelps, whom I admire, for not beating her instantly down.

Miss West, according to the review, uses Hamlet in her power-abuse theme as being capable of "wilfully, mercilessly, sending Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to unshriven deaths" and thereby proving Miss West's

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shopworn scream that absolute power tends to corrupt. In Hamlet's case, nothing could be farther wrong. The man, Prince if you will, was on a ship bound for England where his own death was sure. At the moment when he discovered this, his own power was nil. The only thing he had left was his wits—and Shakespeare's sense of drama. Of course, to make a good stage play, to make good theater (and incidentally to bring him back for the final scenes of the tragedy) he had to shuffle the papers and supplant R. and G. for himself. It's simply a wholesome theatrical trick. . . .

Vail's Gate, N.Y. BURKE BOYCE

The Injustice of it All!

I is a pore boy frum Arkansas Territory, which am not gittin to no college on account of I cain't git no skolarship.

Ford Foundashun turn me down on account of I ain't red Mistuh George Canyon's (brother of Steve, I reckon) book on World Somethin an the Policy of Contentment.

Them Rockefeler peepul ain't got no use for me cause I'm not very soshalogist—like—I cain't even git along with my grandmother.

Harvard got sore cause I said I ain't never heard of Mistuh Hiss and Mistuh Latimoor and Mistuh Acheson.

Yale turned me down cause I wear pleets in my briches.

My dad, he thinks I oughter learn how to spel, which is funny, don't you think? I mean, akchully saying somethin like that.

So you see, we needs some halp frum the government an I wants to thank you for the halp you offer in yore editoral. If you only, pleez, deer frends, send me that ten bucks you speaks of, I coud buy mebbe fifty comik books, an mebbe larn all about the Policy of Contentment an Mistuh Latimoor and sich things, and get me into some good college where they plays good football, at which I am good.

New York City LUCAS JUKES

Our first reply to NATIONAL REVIEW*'s quest for "A Case History of a bright and qualified young American boy who could not get into college in 1957 for failure to find scholarship aid."* —ED.

INSUBSTANTIAL PAGEANT

(*Continued from p. 255*)

facts would bear. At the very outset, for example, the apogee and perigee of the orbit could not be precisely known, and were not precisely reported. Instead, bracketing estimates were given. Other data, such as time and place of launching, could be and were furnished exactly.

The Soviet Union, in contrast, even now—four months after the alleged launching of Sputnik I—makes a formal report to the Brussels headquarters of the International Geophysical Year which "comes as an anticlimax," according to IGY Secretary General Marcel Nicolet, who adds: "There is not a single result or conclusion in the entire 20 pages." (Louisiana papers February 3, 1958)

United Press says the Russian report "actually consisted entirely of communiqués published weeks ago in the Moscow press." Associated Press quotes Nicolet as saying: "The reports contain no numerical data."

A graduate student at Northwestern State College (Louisiana) has reported to me that she found in all the spate of publicity on Sputnik I following October 4 no scientific data at all which she had not also found in one science feature story or another in the pubicity on America's satellite plans following the decision in July 1955 to established Project Vanguard.

Her finding throws into sharper relief the *New Leader's* cover of October 21. The *New Leader* was all set to run on its cover (and did so run, but not with the effect originally anticipated) a picture it had got from Wide World (AP) picture service, entitled "Meet Sputnik," which had come from a Soviet periodical *Young Technique*. Then the discovery was made by Wide World, and published by the *New Leader*, that *Young Technique* had lifted the picture, which was a drawing, not a photograph, from the U.S. magazine *Popular Science*—for January 1956! It represented, of course, the then projected U.S. satellite, not Sputnik. However, it quickly became a prop of the Agitprop, and subsequently was reproduced as authentic in U.S. papers which, unlike the *New Leader*, never learned the difference, and/or never disabused their readers.

Combining the NSC student's observation with UP's and AP's abstract of the official Soviet report, we find that all the IGY is getting from Moscow now is some portion of the IGY's *own advance publicity* one and two years ago.

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What is Multiple Sclerosis?

Here are twenty clues to the grim mystery that afflicts 500,000 Americans

1. Multiple Sclerosis is a chronic, crippling disease of the central nervous system.

2. Multiple Sclerosis is almost entirely a disease of young adults, striking down young men and women between the ages of 20 and 40.

3. The words *Multiple Sclerosis* mean "many scars." The central nervous system is protected by tissue called the myelin sheath. Multiple Sclerosis is the progressive disintegration of this sheath. As it disintegrates, scars form on the sheath causing loss of control in that part of the body affected by the scarred area.

4. The symptoms of Multiple Sclerosis are blurred vision; tremors; staggering or stumbling gait; impairment of hearing; speech difficulties; loss of bowel or bladder control; extreme weakness; numbness; partial or complete paralysis.

5. The first man to write an account of this mysterious disease was Sir Augustus Frederick d'Este, a cousin of Queen Victoria, in 1835.

6. Multiple Sclerosis is not a contagious disease.

7. All symptoms are not necessarily present in all patients.

8. The cause of Multiple Sclerosis is unknown. Tests of various theories are now being conducted in many research centers.

9. Multiple Sclerosis, once contracted, is usually permanent. However, a good many patients have remission periods when symptoms cease.

10. There are 38 clinics in the United States which either are supported by the Multiple Sclerosis Society or are particularly interested in the disease.

11. There is no known treatment which will halt or control Multiple Sclerosis but in many cases its symptoms can be managed. Physical therapy, for example, is often helpful.

12. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society was founded in 1946 to support research seeking to find the cause and cure of the disease. The Society also informs the public about the disease and, through its chapters, provides direct help for patients of Multiple Sclerosis.

13. What may have been a crucial break-through in the research battle against Multiple Sclerosis occurred at the end of 1957. A young researcher at the Washington University School of Medicine discovered that the site of disabling Multiple Sclerosis is a structure called the glial cell. This is the first major piece of knowledge about Multiple Sclerosis discovered in the past 100 years.

14. The 1958 budget of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society is $3,500,000 — most of which will be used to further research.

15. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society supports a Fellowship and Scholarship Program to further basic research among young scientists in scientific areas related to the disease.

16. All funds for Multiple Sclerosis are raised by independent citizens.

17. Information about Multiple Sclerosis and the fight against it may be gotten from the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., or by simply writing MS, c/o your local postmaster.

18. Multiple Sclerosis is more frequently observed in the temperate zone than in warm countries.

19. Over 50 separate research projects into the nature of Multiple Sclerosis are now under way.

20. If you are interested in helping to wage war on this crippling and unhappy disease, send in the coupon on the right with your contribution. Thank you for your generosity and for your time and attention to the grim story of Multiple Sclerosis, the mystery disease.

National Multiple Sclerosis Society
257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find my contribution to the battle against Multiple Sclerosis.

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